



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

ON THE RELATIVE VALUE OF GOOD SENSE
AND BEAUTY IN THE FEMALE SEX.

Notwithstanding the lessons of moralists, and the declamations of philosophers, it cannot be denied that all mankind have a natural love, and even respect, for external beauty. In vain do they respect it as a thing of no value in itself, as a frail and perishable flower; in vain do they exhaust all the depths of argument, all the stores of fancy, to prove the worthlessness of this amiable gift of nature. However persuasive their reasonings may appear, and however we may for a time, fancy ourselves convinced by them, we have in our breasts a certain instinct, which never fails to tell us, that all is not satisfactory; and though we may not be able to prove that they are wrong, we feel a conviction that it is impossible they should be right.

They are certainly right in blaming those who are rendered vain by the possession of beauty, since vanity is at all times a fault; but there is great difference between being vain of a thing, and being happy that we have it; and that beauty, however little *merit* a woman can claim to herself for it, is really a quality which she may reasonably rejoice to possess, demands, I think, no very laboured proof. Every one naturally wishes to please. Important it is that the first impression we produce should be favorable. Now this first impression is commonly produced through the medium of the eye; and this is frequently so powerful as to resist for a long time the opposing evidence of subsequent observation. Let a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principles as Socrates, who used to say, that when he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine person is in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment; and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely with vain confidence on its irresistible power, to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world"—the *Venus de Medicis*, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inimitable perfection of the heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "what a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her Creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless

she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

The favoured child of nature, who combines in herself these united perfections, may be justly considered as the masterpiece of the creation, as the most perfect image of the Divinity here below. Man, the proud lord of the creation, bows willingly his haughty neck beneath her gentle rule. Exalted, tender, beneficent is the love which she inspires. Even time himself shall respect the all-powerful magic of her beauty. Her charms may fade, but they shall never wither; and memory still, in the evening of life hanging with fond affection over the blanching rose, shall view through the veil of lapsed years, the tender bud, the dawning promise, whose beauties once blushed before the beams of the morning sun.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

Man is strong—Woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—Woman at home.

Man talks to convince—Woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—Woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—Woman relieves it.

Man has science—Woman taste.

Man has judgment—Woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—Woman of mercy.

THE SONG OF THE BREEZE.

BY ELEANOR DICKENSON.

I've swept o'er the mountain, the forest and fell;
I've played on the rock where the wild chamois dwell,
I have tracked the desert so dreary and rude,
Through the pathless depths of its solitude;
Through the ocean caves of the stormy sea,
My spirit has wandered at midnight free.
I have slept in the lily's fragrant bell,
I have moaned on the ear through the rosy shell,
I have roamed alone by the gurgling stream,
I have danced at eve with the pale moonbeam;
I have kissed the rose in its blushing pride,
Till my breath the dew from its lips has dried;
I have stolen away on my silken wing,
The violet's scent in the early spring.
I have hung over groves where the citron grows,
And the clustering bloom of the orange blows.
I have wafted the sigh from the lover's breast,
To the lips of the maiden he loved the best.
I have sped the dove on its errand home,
O'er mountain and river, and sun-gilt dome.
I have hushed the babe in its cradled rest,
With my song, to sleep on its mother's breast.
I have chased the clouds in their dark career,
Till they hung on my wings in their shapes of fear;
I have rent the oak from its forest bed,
And the flaming brand of the fire-king sped;
I have rushed with the fierce tornado forth,
On the tempest's wing from the stormy north;
I have lash'd the waves till they rose in pride,
And the mariner's skill in their wrath defied;
I have borne the mandate of fate and doom,
And swept the wretch to his watery tomb.
I have shrieked the wail of the murdered dead,
Till the guilty spirit hath shrunk with dread.
I have hymned my dirge o'er the silent grave,
And bade the cypress more darkly wave.
There is not a spot upon land or sea,
Where thou mayst not, enthusiast, wander with me.

DUBLIN:

Printed and Published by P. D. HARDY, 12, Temple Lane, and 3, Cecilia Street; to whom all communications are to be addressed.
Sold by all Booksellers in Ireland.

In London, by Richard Groombridge, 6, Panyer-alley, Paternoster-row; in Liverpool, by Wilmer and Smith; in Manchester, by Ambery; in Birmingham, by Drake; in Nottingham, by Wright; in Edinburgh, R. Grant and Son; and in Glasgow, by J. Novin, Jun.